How an old Miser's Daughter near London, was courted by a Rich Man, but she could not Love him because he was Old, and how she was courted by a young Sailor, at which her Father was much disturbed.

How to prevent the Match he gave his Servant twenty pounds to Kill the Sailor, with the manner how instead of spilling his Blood, he had him to the Tavern, where they spent the Night away in drinking, and how in the Morning he gave this Sailor forty shillings, and left him in the Tavern, and went home and told his Master that he had killed him.

How this Damsel acted herself, in Likeness of a Ghost, and went to her Father's Chamber in the Night, and frightened him almost to Death, insomuch that he wanted a Learned Man to lay the Spirit.

How she got the Sailor, whom he thought to be dead, to lay the Spirit, the which he did, her Father not knowing who he was, for his pains gave his Daughter in Marriage, and three thousand pounds to her portion: Concluding how after this Mony was paid she confessed to her Father what she had acted, who when he found how he was fool'd of his Mony, fell into a most dreadful Rage.

Licensed according to Order,

Printed for Tho. Norris, at the sign of the Looking-glass on London-Bridge.

The Crafty Damsel's Garland, &c.

Part 1st. To the Golden Square.

NEar *London* City lived late,
An Old Miser of a vast Estate,
Who had one Child a Daughter bright,
In whom he took a great delight.

Her Portion was two thousand pound,
And by a Rich man in the town,
She courted was but all in vain,
For she could not love him again.

The reason why she did unfold,
She said, for me he is too old,
If e'er I wed to tell the truth,
Give me a man that's in his Youth.

At length her Fancy for to please,
Came one belonging to the Seas,
A brisk Young man, but he was poor,
Yet ne'ertheless she did him adore.

But when her Father this thing knew,
With her he in a Passion grew,
He said, Daughter as I do live,
If thou him wed I'le thee no Portion give.

Father for that I do not care,
The truth to You I must declare,
I love this jolly Sailor so,
That I'le have him if I a begging go.

H

he counterfeited his Daughters hand,
and sent a Letter to this Man,
and what to she did invite,
this Sailor to meet her in the Night.

In such a field, and nam'd where she,
for his coming would waiting be,
then at this News his heart did move,
so away he went to meet his Love.

Her father kept an *Irish*-man,
and gave him twenty pound in hand,
to meet this sailor there 'tis said,
and for to shoot him through the head.

he yielding to his master's will,
to go this sailor for to kill;
and he this Jobb for to compleat,
a pocket-pistol then did get.

and charged before his master's Face,
so then he went unto this place,
whereas he found this sailor there,
waiting then for his only dear.

these words he to the sailor said;
i am here sent to shoot you dead,
i have twenty pounds this Jobb to do,
but i will show no harm to you.

Instead of [illegible]
well to a Tavern both went [illegible]
And there it is thy whole delight
to chear thy heart with bouls of wine.

They in a Tavern spent that night,
and in the morning when 'twas light,
the Ruffin said, I must away,
but keep your self in private pray.

I must go tell that you are slain,
here's *Forty Shillings of my gain*,
to chear thy heart in privacy,
I'll send my young mistress unto thee.

He to his Master went and said,
I have killed the Sailor, and have laid
him in a pit that's very low,
where streams abundantly do flow.

If he loved Taverns when living,
Now he is dead there is a spring,
where I left him flows mightily,
that he may drink if e'er he's dry.

With that his Master smiling said,
make you no game at him that's dead,
he is dead I find, and do protest,
that now my heart will be at rest.

Part 3d. Tune of, the Mill goes Clack.

THis man to his young Mistress went,
Who of this thing was innocent,
he gave her this News to know,
which caused her eyes with tears to flow,
then

Then this Damsel with discontent,
Away he to her lover went,
And whilst they was together there,
the Sailor told her how it were,

she said, my Father thinks you are dead,
and since that he was so wicked,
For murthering you to give his store,
I'll fun him of some hundreds more.

Her fancy unto him she told,
and gave him two pieces of Gold,
Saying in private here remain,
Until you hear from me again.

So then from him she went away,
and now good people mark i pray,
what things she acted in the night,
her cruel Father for to fright.

In bloody Robes she was array'd,
and to make her Father affraid,
as he lay musing on his bed,
his Chamber then she entred.

With a light blazing in her hand,
and a Pistol charged we understand,
and at his bed's feet let them fly,
which frightned him most dreadfully.

For fear his stony heart did quake,
he trembled so the Bed did shake,
and as he swearing trembling lay,
she gave a groan and went away.

having

Having so [illegible]
and went to his man with weeping eyes
and said I am come to lie with thee,
For the Sailors Ghost hath haunted me.

he into my bed-chamber came,
with a link all in a burning flame,
in bloody Robes he did appear,
which makes my soul to quake for fear.

he came to the feet of my bed,
and shot a Pistol towards my head,
and 'twas a mercy I do say,
he had not dragged me then away.

Part the Fourth.

His servant knowing what was done,
he smiled to think upon this Fun,
he thought it was his young Mistress,
to frighten him had acted this.

and as he thought he found 'twas so,
Next day she gave him for to know,
what she had done and said at night
I will put him in a greater fright.

when bed time came, her father said,
to go to bed I am affraid,
his man Reply'd, fye do not fear,
I hope it will no more come here.

they went to bed, and for his coming,
they left a great candle burning,
then she in such a shape appeared,
which made both Master and Man affraid.

her

Her Father crept down into the bed,
And pulled the Cloaths over his head;
With that she threw the Candle down,
And dragged the bed cloths on the ground.

Then in the dark her Father he,
Said to his Man, take hold of me;
Strive now thy Master for to save,
Or else this Spirit with me have.

He cryed, alas, what shall I do!
For coveting Riches now I rue:
To morrow i'll get some learned man,
To lay this Spirit if I can.

for want of rest and sleep that Night,
He in the morning when 'twas light;
Looked like a man that was half dead,
Seeing his looks, his Daughter said:

father, What is the matter with you,
Your looks are changed in this day or two;
But the answer he would give,
I'd rather choose to dye than live.

With that she to the Sailor send,
And in the Letter this was pen'd;
My father is haunted, come away,
'Tis you that must this Spirit lay.

Cloathed in black he came with speed,
Her father knew him not indeed;
This was the bargain which they made,
That night the Spirit must be laid,

That night he with her father lay,
Who in the morning thus did say
I hope 'tis laid. he then did cry
What money will you finish?

I want no mony I declare,
I see You have a Daughter fair;
If you will grant I shall have her,
You never more shall haunted be.

If you can gain her love, he cry'd,
In marriage I'll give her to be your bride;
And for your Love as I do live,
Three thousand pounds to her I'll give.

There was a Sailor not long ago,
To whom my daughter love did show;
but i have sent him where i'm sure,
He'll never come near her no more.

I could not love him in my heart,
The truth to you I must impart,
I had rather give you three thousand pound,
then unto such as he a Crown.

Soon after this the Knot was ty'd,
Her father gave her to be his bride;
And the next day as it was said,
this mony unto them was paid.

this being done, she with a smile,
said father, 'twas by me your Child,
that you was so much frightened,
And my husband is the man you think is dead

Hearing these words, her father then
said, had i but my gold again,
I'd ne'er give thee a penny more;
Was ever man so sun'd before.

Now to conclude, you Misers still,
Before you seeck no blood to spill,
Least you be sun'd at such a rate,
And like this man fret when too late.

FINIS.